Prin. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpō the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'le ſet vpon them.

Prin. Yea: but t'is like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhal not ſee, i'le tie thē in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and ſirra, I haue caſes of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieaſt will be the incomprehenſible lies, that this ſame fat rogue will tell vs when wee meet at ſupper, how thirtie at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieaſt.

Prince. Well, i'le goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there i'le ſup: farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humour of your idleneſſe,
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy-dayes,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittring or'e my fault,
Shal ſhew more goodly, and attract more eies
Then that which hath no foile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men thinke leaſt I will. *Ex*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſp
Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath bin too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtir at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe
Mightie, and to be feard, then my condition,
Which hath bin ſmooth as oyle, ſoft as yong downe,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly. *North.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I doe ſee
Danger, and diſobedience in thine eie:
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptorie,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moodie frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe & counſell, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,
Were as he ſaies, not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As is deliuered to your maieſtie.
Either enuie therefore, or miſpriſion,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my ſonne.